

TWO WEEKS IN AN OPEN BOAT

On 750-Mile Pull to Fijis When Picked Up by a British Warship

GOATS ONLY COMPANY

Crew Marooned 17 Days on Lonely Island Before the Rescuers Arrived

By HARRY L. ROGERS.

WASHINGTON—A tale of shipwreck and adventure in the South seas such as Stevenson loved to tell was contained in a report just received here from the American consul at Wellington, New Zealand, on the American schooner Columbia River, which went ashore on Sunday Island recently.

Around on a barren, uninhabited island, the crew drew lots, and six sailors and the captain took an open boat and set out for the nearest port, Suva, in the Fijis, 750 miles away.

The schooner was bound from Auckland for Portland, the officers report says. All nine well-preserved sailors say they must have been down on the third day out, when the watch suddenly reported, "Island close to on board."

The startled captain leaped from his berth and ran to the wheel—but too late to save the ship. In fact, so near was the beach that even before the anchor could be let go the schooner piled up, her bowsprit hard and fast on the beach of Sunday Island.

"To Wander for Days."

"Shaken but safe, the officers and crew dropped over the bows and down on the beach—to wander for days over the barren rock. Empty of all life, it was except for a few sad, emaciated goats, tan blue for their own unhappy lot even to bleat a mournful welcome to the shipwrecked Americans."

"A ship calls once a year at Sunday Island, the captain knew; but he did not know the time of the year."

In the Fijis, 750 miles away, was the nearest civilization. On the wreck of the schooner there was food for a month—what to do?

"Like nearly all who do,"

in times of stress, they talked it over—everybody from the captain to the cook. And six sailors were selected to take an open lifeboat and strike across the stormy seas for Suva—750 miles away.

"Equipped with food, kerosene, distress signals, sea anchors, an oil stove and an extra mast and sail, the 29-foot craft set out, loaded with its crew of six and the captain, leaving the men to wait on the barren island and pray for redemption."

"Two sails were set, and the little company, dividing into two watches, worked at the oars when the wind failed. Each watch comprised three men, one man relieving at the oars every half hour. The wind was not always kind; once for two long days the men had to row, pushing the dory, having rowed 25 miles in the teeth of a gale they were driven back 10 miles. Rain added to their discomfort. When the sun shone the heat was pitiless; and they were glad to convert the sails when not in use, into covers to protect them from the sun. At night the cold was intense."

"Day after day they struggled on toward Suva, sighting no land in that broad expanse of water. For 14 dreary days the perilous trip lasted, and at last the adventurers arrived at their haven. The British warship Chatham, the first vessel encountered, responded to their call. Few words were required for explanation to bring on a hearty reception. Weary and sore, they got aboard the warship only to fall to the rear exhausted when they reached safety."

"The crew were made comfortable, every hospitality being shown by the Britshers, who promised to sail next day for Sunday Island to the rescue of the mariners still marooned there while the crew had proceeded to Auckland in the U. S. S. Niagara, to report the disaster to their own superiors through Consul General Wilber."

"In a puritanical sense, the island was well named—as regards life for the six men left behind. There was little for them to do but live on the vessel till the southwest gale caused them to take off the remaining mast and sail, before whose craft was entirely demolished. The dory was rigged up with a sail and mast, to be used in two months' time should nothing be heard from the first party. But on the seventh day came an end to ennui, and the sad society of bleating goats."

"The Chatham, smoking up on the horizon, took the exiles off the rock and away to join their shipmates in Auckland."

TALENT OF TULSA GIVES MUSICALE

Entertainment by Music Teachers of City Pronounced Success

This data, according to Mr. Weakley, shows that the Cypress Land Company purchased the land about Muskogee Shoals from the government March 12, 1818, and the first permanent settlements were recorded that year, followed by an influx of settlers the next year. At that time, the survey showed the shoaly section of the river as "Mussel Shoals," the name being given the rapids by reason of the great quantities of the bivalve, mussels, found in and along the stream, these records appear to indicate.

The first offered a program in which prominent musicians took part. They were Mesdames Walter L. Linn, E. C. Clow, Paul Adams Shirer, Miss Margaret Ringgold, Lucie Thomason, Ethel and Irene Rook, Harry Suter and Frederic Warner.

Mr. Weakley accounts for the partial disappearance of the mussel from the stream as a result of floods and the encroachments of civilization.

When the government undertook to complete the Mussel Shoals canal project, the name was changed to "Muske" to "Mussel" on government records and it has stood. This was not by design, but by accident, in Mr. Weakley's opinion.

The second part was given by members of Tulsa chapter D. A. R. and was a pageant presenting "Historical Women of America" with music by Dr. C. Acosta, Miss Josephine Lorraine of the University of Tulsa faculty, readings by the characters they represented: Mesdames Lee Chapman, William H. Crowder, P. E. Hill, A. L. Wait, Franklyn S. Dill, C. E. Strode, Mr. Ben M. Curtis, J. O. Chears, L. C. Perkins, M. M. Eakes.

The last act was a musical gypsy sketch by girls of the music depart-

CASEY THE COP—Can't Make a Dog Outta Him



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By H. M. Talbert

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